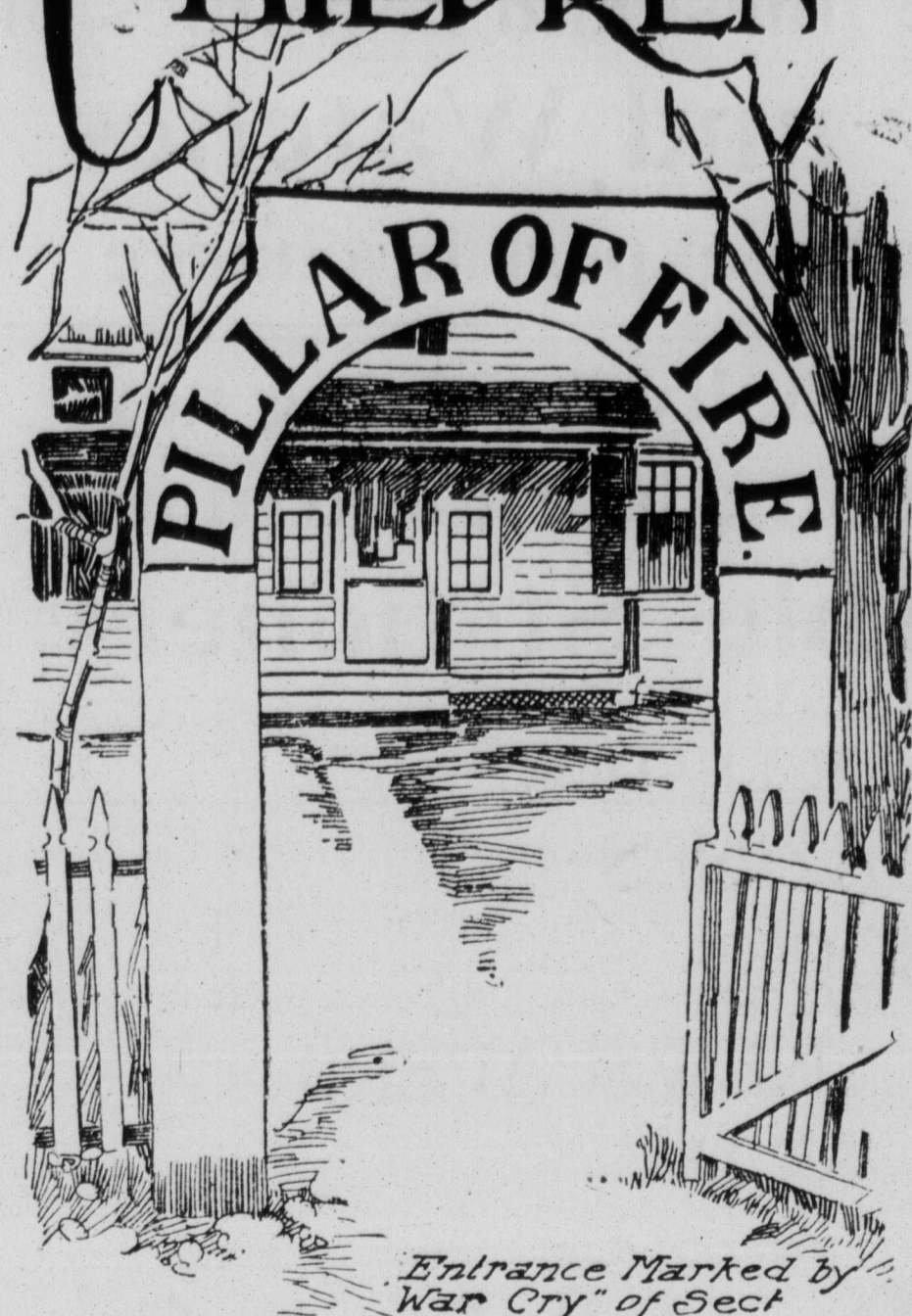


CHILDREN MADE ORPHANS



Entrance Marked by War Cry of Sect

Torn from their Mothers to Be Reared as "Holy Jumpers"

TORN from the arms of their mothers—many of them before they could talk—and whisked half across the continent, from Denver to a farmhouse near Bound Brook, N. J., thirty children are being trained in the teachings of an odd religious sect.

They are little "Jumpers"—the name was earned by the fact that members of the sect give evidence of their faith and proclaim their religious ecstasy by jumping and shouting. Rearing of the children in an isolated place is for two reasons—that they may not impede their parents in the latter's work of spreading the new gospel, and that, by remaining aloof from the world, they may the more readily attain "holiness."

Among the things these children are taught are, that they must shun public school and rely principally upon divine aid for an education; that they must not work for others, but trust their Creator to provide for them, even though they be half naked and starving; that they must have no physician when ill, and that they must not yearn for their mothers and their homes, lest they be thrust into a fiery pit.

"We no fall in bad dump; we saved! Gory! Gory!" they hiss when assured by their elders that by prayer and jumping they have overcome the demon of sin, for, young as they are, they are taught to believe themselves sinners until "sanctified."

"We have victory! We get 'way fum debbil!" exclaim, in nervous exhilaration, little ones scarcely out of arms, as they swing their delicate arms, turn somersaults or roll on the ground.

At this training school, hundreds of miles from their parents in the West, the little ones of Denver "Jumpers" are to remain until they reach maturity, when they will be sent out as "Jumper" proselytizers.

THE average mother who has not been converted to the "Jumper" sect—one of the newest "holiness" societies—the idea of giving up her babe of placing the greater part of the continent between her and it—must seem cruel and inhuman.

The "Jumper" mothers don't think so. They believe the separation an aid to salvation, and are reconciled.

For the members of this sect profess to hold all human ties, no matter how strong, subsidiary to the spirit. It is partly because they wish to show how they can overcome all earthly interests, and partly because they think they can do better missionary work unincumbered, that they give up their children.

And therein lies the reason for Zarephath's existence. Zarephath is the name given by the "Jumpers" to the big farmhouse near Bound Brook, N. J.—the scene of many a spectacular affair in which children figure.

Headquarters of the society are at Denver, Col., where the founder, Kent White, and his followers built and paid for—with money contributed by the public—a \$50,000 house, after they had secured a charter for the "Pentecostal Union." The term "Jumpers" was applied to them in derision, but, like Richelieu, they "liked the nickname" and adopted it.

Then came the announcement—"by divine inspiration"—that it was meet for the children to be kept separate and at a distance. Mrs. Garretson, a woman residing near Bound Brook, who had been reading their literature, gave them a farm.

This and many other instances are cited by the "Jumpers" to show that they have only to pray for a thing and they will get it.

In old Jude the word "zarephath" referred to a place for refining metals. Evidently, in adopting it, the Pentecostal Union viewed these little children of from 2 to 14 years as crude metal, which requires considerable melting and rolling and twisting before it can be considered "it."

If these tots were hardened old rogues, escaped from Sing Sing, they could not be more thoroughly impressed with their unworthiness; but they are made to understand that there is hope for them if they will but completely reverse their nature and become "sanctified."



Celebrating Victory over Sin

A remarkable pilgrimage started eastward from Denver on August 14 last. Zarephath had been completed; it was time for the children to leave their parents.

A car had been chartered; some adult "Jumpers" were on hand to take charge of the little ones. The parents were at the Denver Union Depot—some of them still clinging to their babes, which they would perhaps never see again.

There may have been some tears shed. Some mother in the crowd may have been tempted to reconsider—to take her child home and live as before. But the "Jumpers" don't admit it.

Miss Della Huffman—"Sister" Huffman, to be more exact—is in charge of Zarephath. When asked, a few days ago, whether there were any scenes at the parting, she simply said "No," that there had been nothing but singing and rejoicing.

The song which these mothers sang as the train carried their babes away was, "I Want to See My Saviour Face to Face." In the fast-speeding coach the children were induced to sing the same hymn.

"How about the children; didn't they cry?" Sister Huffman was asked.

Not at all, said she. "They were too young to realize. Then, they were elated the hour and the younger they are, the less trouble we have to get them separated from their mothers."

So, now, while their mothers dance daily in the streets of Denver, shout psalms of salvation and volunteer to the auditors stories of their "sanctification," the little ones are doing their best to uphold the family reputation.

Miss Huffman is a woman about 30, of rather robust build, with jet-black hair and a rounded face of very pleasing appearance. She has six women assistants—three as schoolteachers and three as houseworkers—and six men—one to teach in the school and the others to work in the fields or about the buildings.

SMILES DENOTE "SANCTIFICATION"

Miss Huffman will receive a visitor courteously, will answer his questions about the house and will show him into the schoolroom; but she will tell him at the same time that she and the Pentecostal Union have no use whatever for the press, but consider it an agency of Satan.

She made apologies for the school. It was but a single room, and, she remarked, somewhat sadly, the prayers for desks had not been answered yet, so the pupils had to do with a few benches, a table or two, some chairs and a couple of desks.

Two women teachers came forward with outstretched hands and beaming faces. They always smile. It's their way of showing that they are "sanctified." If you had seen these two, you couldn't easily have doubted the sanctity.

Both were beautiful, but it wasn't hard to pick Sister Gertrude Metten as the more beautiful of the two. Five feet 8 inches tall, straight and willowy, with the poise and buoyancy that perfect health and attention to athletics impart, she seemed to need but wings to fly.

Beneath a wealth of lustrous nut-brown hair her face shines radiantly. The first thing you notice is that the skin is pink and perfectly transparent, and the clean-cut features seem eloquent with a sort of triumph.

A somewhat older woman sat instructing a child of 3 years in the wonders of Bible history; a whole-some-looking young man of about 20 years—he is Miss Metten's brother, by the way—was at the blackboard demonstrating to a class in arithmetic.

The pupils were mostly of ages ranging from 3 to 8 years, there were a few older ones. The very young ones were outdoors playing.

Miss Huffman was free to admit that the teachers had not been fitted for the profession by graduation from normal school or by teachers' certificates, but explained:

"To teach, one needs only an infusion of the spirit. Either in teaching or learning, it is the help of God that counts—it is all that is required."

This, it was learned, is an essential doctrine of the "Jumpers," who refer to the "public-school curse" as a thing to be shunned. Indeed, Mrs. Kent White, wife of the "Jumper" head, declares that she was able to take two or three grades in school, while others took one, not because she studied, but because she had divine aid.

Last fall an appeal was sent out from Denver, in which parents were exhorted to keep their children away from "the devil's grinding machine," meaning the public school, and again referring to it as "the greatest monster of the age."

COMPULSORY EDUCATION TABOOED

As a substitute, the "Jumpers" offer Zarephath. "What do you teach?" Miss Huffman was asked. "Oh, everything up to a regular high school course can be learned here," she replied. Yet the pupils at the time were engaged in only elementary branches. The compulsory school law is tabooed. A child should study only when it wishes to, is the doctrine. Some days are given over entirely to play,



Youngest Jumper only 2 1/2 Years Old



Group of Little Jumpers

singing, prayer and jumping. There is no attempt at corporal discipline.

Any pupil is at liberty to leave study and start a demonstration at any moment. In fact there are several "outbursts of the spirit" every day.

Should Willie (the children here go by first names only) find his spelling lesson too hard, he may go to a corner to pray, or may ask the school to join with him in prayer; and if, perchance, he makes a successful showing in the recitation later, all may break off the school work and aid him in celebrating the "victory."

Then, one or other of the children is continually discovering that he has won a victory over Satan. No further proof of it than his word is required. He has but to jump up and shout, "Victory! Victory!" and the whole school is in an uproar.

Since these children do not love study any better than ordinary children, they are unanimously in favor of this "victory" whatever it is. Their elders assure them that when the victory strikes them they can tell right away by the way they feel, and so they are taught to find out if there isn't one coming.

How a child of 4, 6 or 8 years, or even one of 7, should be able to know the symptoms of sin—especially since, as moral philosophers agree, such youngsters are incapable of wilful sin—it may be hard for most people to perceive, but they are all sure they can do it.

There is a regular programme at Zarephath, which runs thus: At 6:30 A. M. get up; 7, prayer, lasting from three-quarters of an hour to an hour; 8, first meal; 8:30, school or play; 12 noon, prayer, followed by school or play; 4 P. M., second meal; 6, secret prayer, lasting an hour; 7, praise service; 8, retire.

It will be observed that there are but two meals a day. This is not considered tyrannous by the management, and, indeed, the fat faces of the children show that they need no more. The meals are informal

affairs, the only rule being that the children do not eat too much.

The Mosaic law is strictly adhered to; there is no pork, no pie or cake. The fare is mostly vegetable, although beef, mutton, fish and fruits are permitted.

Sometimes the children get lonesome. Then they are told that they are doing something sinful, that they are placing themselves in danger of "the dump"—which is short for the eternal fire of brimstone—and are bidden to go and pray until they have gained victory over the demon of lonesomeness.

LITTLE "SOUL TRAGEDIES"

A sin-meriting damnation to get lonesome for your mother!

How many little soul tragedies have been enacted in those closets which are supplied to every room at Zarephath? How many children have gone into their rooms with tears streaming down their cheeks, and have come out, an hour or so later, eyes still red, but tearless, meekly proclaiming, "I've got victory!"

The many tots of 2 and 3 years are permitted to follow their sweet will in the place. They are healthy looking, except the few of them lack that stamp of neatness which was expected of a mother's care.

For clothes they wear anything that comes along, and, excepting in a few instances, their appearance is shabby.

Indeed, they are taught to not expect shoes or clothing until such things come in answer to prayer, no matter how long that may be. So, when a child does get a new dress or pair of shoes—whether sent by its parents from Denver or received through the home—there is a big praise meeting. And, indeed, these prayers for clothing form the burden of the children's supplications—the need is so apparent.

The "Jumper" doctrine teaches that one must not own anything, must give all to the unfun. This, however, seems to be not rigidly enforced for often parents send things to their children, and this accounts for the fact that some are dressed better than others.

On Christmas, three of the children received dolls from their parents. The others got none.

To have permitted a visit from Santa Claus would have been sinful, said Miss Huffman, for it would have been deception, and so the children confined themselves for many days before Christmas to praying that some one would send them presents.

Were not the others disappointed? was asked of Miss Huffman.

No, they realized that it was not best that their prayers be answered. Besides, the three who got dolls were not selfish, and let the others play with them. They all joined in a praise meeting over the dolls.

In truth, they would not dare to show their disappointment, it would mean laying themselves in danger of the "dump."

With evident satisfaction, Miss Huffman told of some of the prayers made by children scarcely out of arms.

At a general meeting of grown folks the other day a boy of 4 years shouted: "Praise the Lord for salvation, Jesse's going to get some new shoes." This was because Jesse's mother had written to say that she was sending the shoes.

A "wonderful" instance of answer to prayer given by Miss Huffman was the case of a girl who prayed for fried potatoes, and got them, "although"—this with child-like simplicity—"neither the cook nor any one else knew about her prayer."

Three boys—Frank, Wesley and Willie—sleep in one room. While 6 years old, Wesley burned his leg deeply, and, as the "Jumpers" do not permit a physician's service, he was told to pray for relief.

He could not sleep that night, so great was his pain, so he awakened his companions and prayed: "Dear Jesus, I want you to heal my thorn leg an' Wesley's thorn too, too. I mean to pweess right on an' keep the victory."

Then he went to sleep. Miss Huffman said. She regarded this as proof that a physician's services are not needed. Another boy had a finger cut off, and was afforded no medical attention, but was told to pray.

An older boy, who works on the farm, and who had a finger cut off in a printing press at Denver, asserts that the stump has grown longer since he joined the "Jumpers."

"DEBBIL" DISCIPLINE

As a means of discipline, the "debbil" makes a very effective persuader for the children. They are kept in a constant state of nervousness through fear that they are to be pitched into a fiery pit—the "dump."

This is noticeable at any time of the day wherever a group of the children are seen. When one feels any qualms inside of him, whether it be in heart or stomach or anywhere else, he drops on his knees and pleads: "I don't want to go to hell! Lord, defeat debbil! And when the 'victory' is won, all join in a rejoicing.

Demonstrations, which are sometimes carried afar into the night, are of very common occurrence. An incident will show how trivial are the causes which are sometimes considered reason for jubilation.

A teamster, one of the adult members of the Zarephath colony, had been out to get a load of stone to be used in constructing a new building. While ascending a hill his wagon broke in the sandy soil, and to add to his trouble, one of the horses balked.

But just at this emergency, according to the teamster's own testimony, "the Lord just put so much strength into that other horse that he plunged ahead and moved the whole load."

He came in from his trip while a number of the children were holding the midday prayer meeting, and when he told his story a wave of rejoicing broke forth, which lasted all the afternoon.

One girl, not long ago, upon going to her room, found that the window had been broken and the snow had been blown in on her bed. Taking this as a mark of her Creator's disfavor, she prayed all night, and at 6 o'clock awakened the household to help her shout the "victory."

When these children are 16, they will be sent out into the world, either as missionaries or as active "Jumpers."

French Army

SOME French authorities on anthropology are endeavoring to have the War Department of that country classify the men in the ranks of the army by length of leg, rather than by height, as is done now.

To most persons it would seem that men of the same height would take steps of equal length, but such is not the case. The step is regulated by the length of the leg, and among men of equal height some are found with short legs and long toises.

It is a much harder undertaking for a body of men of equal height to keep step than for men of various heights but equal leg lengths to do so.

A body of men on parade looks better if the component parts are all of equal size, but on a march the soldiers have great difficulty in keeping step.

It is argued that the classification of soldiers according to the lengths of their legs would prevent a great deal of unnecessary fatigue and would diminish the number of laggards.

No one thinks it probable that a new form of classification will be adopted by the French Government. Appearance means a great deal in military circles, and it is acknowledged that ranks of men classified solely by length of leg would not make very even or handsome lines.

Some of the soldiers would be considerably taller than their neighbors, and the ranks would present that irregular appearance that seems to jar the sensibilities of the military authority.

The aesthetic is important in all matters pertaining to public parades, so that personal pride is permitted to outweigh both psychological as well as physiological reasons.